

# The Luxury Of Tears (From 'Ashes')

## Christian Death

In a phallic, stone tower  
We rise and fly or stand knee deep in water  
Skin is smooth and damp  
Every time he crosses them  
And there are bones in bed with that child,  
A figure behind the glass,  
Me in his mouthThe man has come and gone,  
Aroused my photographic memory  
Orphan sons and his raw hands  
(Were slammed in his face)  
Like fire under whores  
Insect, smiling eyes project rain  
Blaze against his teethThe luxury of tears burned my fingers,  
Spinning devils of snow  
The luxury of tears burned my fingers,  
Spinning devils of snow  
Oh devils must know the luxury of tearsChanging his shape, he raised his eyes,  
Eyes masked with green  
Threw out his arms, pulled open the door  
A moist, sour tongue down the silver screen  
Usher in the bleak years  
Through his yawning neck  
I undress in his throat  
A passion for dust  
(Was slammed in his face)  
Pull them down by the wings  
A rose from my ribs  
Stole back up the stairs  
(And laughed in his face)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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